

DAILY EVENING STAR.

VOL. 1.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1853.

NO. 124.

DAILY EVENING STAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON,
(EXCEPT SUNDAY.)

On D street, between 12th and 13th streets,
BY
JOSEPH B. TATE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Subscribers served by the Carriers at six
cents a week, payable weekly. To mail sub-
scribers \$3.50 a year; \$2 for six months.

E. C. CARRINGTON.

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
Practices in all the Courts of the Dis-
trict, and attends to the prosecution of
claims before Congress and the Executive De-
partments.
Office, east wing of the City Hall.
Feb 17

R. H. LASKEY,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
Practices in all the Courts of the Dis-
trict, and prosecutes claims of every descrip-
tion before the several Executive Departments
and before Congress.
Office on Louisiana avenue near Sixth
street.
dec 30

G. L. GIBERSON,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
Practices in all the Courts of the Dis-
trict, and attends to the prosecution of
claims before Congress and the Executive De-
partments.
Office on Louisiana avenue, near 7th
street.
jan 3—

WILLIAM H. BAUM,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
On Maryland Avenue, near Seventh Street.
Is prepared to undertake any kind of
BUILDING. REPAIRING attended to
with promptness.
ap 21—6w

HARRISON & BIRCH.
GREEN HOUSE RESTAURANT,
South side of Penn. avenue, between 4th and
6th streets,
WASHINGTON.
ap 25—1m

NEW AUCTION AND COMMISSION STORE.
DOWNS & HUTCHINGS, near
Brown's Hotel. Auction and Commission
Merchants. Keep constantly on hand all
kinds of Housekeeping articles, FURNITURE,
FANCY GOODS, HOSIERY, &c.
Also, a lot of Gold and Silver WATCHES
and JEWELRY.
mar 26

YOUTH'S, BOYS', AND CHILDREN'S
FASHIONABLE
READY-MADE CLOTHING AND
OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT.
Pennsylvania Avenue, between 9th and
10th streets,
NEXT DOOR TO THE IRON HALL.
feb 24

NEW CIGAR STORE.
WILLIAM O. DREW has just opened his
new Store, corner of 6th street and
Louisiana avenue, and offers to the public a
good assortment of CIGARS, TOBACCO, and
SNUFF.
Call and try for yourselves!
ap 25—tf

AVENUE HOUSE.
G. W. FRENCH & CO.,
(Late of French's Hotel, Norfolk, Va.)
THIS HOTEL, finished at great expense,
is furnished throughout in the latest and
best style. The rooms are large and airy,
and every attention will be paid to the com-
fort of their guests. Families wishing board
can be accommodated at reasonable rates.
The charge for day boarders will be
four dollars per week.
ap 11—tf

COOPER & MCGHAN,
PLUMBERS AND GAS-FITTERS,
Hot-Air and Hot-Water Furnace Manufac-
turers,
HAVING removed to C street adjoining the
Bank of Washington, would respectfully
invite all persons wanting work in their line
to give them a call, as they intend to do work
in New York style and for New York prices.
H. D. COOPER is well known to the citizens
of this city as being a general builder, and as
being connected with the Hot-Water Furnaces
at the Observatory and Winder's Building,
previous to August, 1851, and Mr. MCGHAN is
a practical Plumber from New York.
Call and see us.
ap 15

METROPOLITAN
HAT, CAP, AND FUR ESTABLISHMENT,
Pennsylvania Avenue, north side, near
13th street,
WASHINGTON CITY.

EVANS has now on hand one of the best se-
lected assortment of HATS, CAPS, FURS,
GLOVES, and BONNETS, for Gentlemen, Ladies,
Youths, and Children ever offered for
sale in this city. Also, CANES, UMBRELLAS,
&c.
His stock is all new, and he has determined
to reduce his prices. Those now in want of
any article in his store can economize by call-
ing on
EVAN'S,
near 13th street.
mar 9

E. GODEY & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS.
Eighth street, three doors north of Penna.
avenue.

WOULD respectfully invite the public to
call and examine their stock of CLOTH,
CASSIMERES, and VESTINGS, feeling con-
fident that they are able to render satisfac-
tion, in quality of cloth, style of garment, and
last, though not least, in the price to be paid.
may 2—2w

**FIRST DIPLOMA AWARDED TO ECK-
HARDT FOR CONFECTIONARY,**
at the GREAT FAIR. Having opened his ICE
CREAM SALOON for the season, he would
cordially invite all lovers of a genuine article
to call and examine for themselves at the Old
Stand, corner of F and 9th streets, near the
Patent Office.

N. B.—Families supplied in all parts of the
city.
ap 30—2w

E. BURNETT'S
CONFECTIONARY AND FRUIT STORE.
Corner of Penn. avenue and 14th street,
next Kidwell & Laurence's Drug Store.

CONSTANTLY for sale, at the lowest cash
prices, CONFECTIONARY, of all kinds,
CAKES, Foreign FRUITS and NUTS, ICE
CREAM, \$2 per gallon—families supplied at
the shortest notice. TOYS and FANCY AR-
TICLES at reduced prices.
The public are respectfully informed that
all Cakes and Confectionary advertised as
above are made expressly for the establish-
ment by the undersigned.
may 2—7w J. G. WEAVER, Agent.

MAGUIRE, Fashionable Hatter,
North side Penn. av., two doors below 4th st.

Would inform his customers and the
public that he has just opened a very
large assortment of Spring and Summer HATS
and CAPS, of the latest styles, to which he
would call their attention; among which are,
Superior Mole-skin, Silk, Cassimere, and Slouch
HATS; Drab, Beaver, Brush, and Pearl HATS;
Panama, Leghorn, Canton, Braid, German,
Sennet, Palm Leaf, and other STRAW HATS;
Children's Fancy do.; Boys' and Youths'
HATS, of all styles and qualities. Also, Wool
and other Common HATS. All of which he
will sell at very low prices. Those wishing to
purchase anything in his line, will do well by
calling at
MAGUIRE'S,
m 13 Pennsylvania avenue.

SILVER DESSERT AND FRUIT KNIVES.
M. W. GALT & BROTHER offer a
handsome assortment of Solid-handle
and Fruit KNIVES in cases.

Also, Egg SPOONS, Salad and Asparagus
TONGS, SALT-CELLARS, JELLY SPOONS,
NAPCIN RUGS, SUGAR SIFTERS, PIE
KNIVES, Crumb SCRAPERS, Cake KNIVES,
PICKLE FORKS, CREAM LADLES, &c.,
which, with a great assortment of Table, Des-
sert, and Tea SPOONS and FORKS of every
pattern, they offer at the lowest possible rates.
Silver warranted pure and workmanship un-
surpassed.
M. W. GALT & BRO., Jewellers,
Sign of the Golden Eagle, Penn. avenue,
m 13—3t bet. 9th and 10th sts.

READY-MADE CLOTHING
And Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
OF FIRST QUALITY.

WE would respectfully invite the attention
of purchasers to our large and fashion-
able assortment of READY-MADE CLOTH-
ING and FURNISHING GOODS, which we
have just received for Spring and Summer
trade, feeling satisfied that we can offer no
inducements in prices, styles, and qualities,
not to be met with in this city.

OUR CUSTOM DEPARTMENT,
under the management of practical and ex-
perienced cutters, of acknowledged ability
and taste, is now supplied with an extensive
assortment of new styles of CLOTHS, CASSI-
MERES, and VESTINGS, which we will make
to order at the shortest notice in superior
style of workmanship and finish, at very mod-
erate prices, and guarantee entire satisfaction
in all cases. WALL & STEPHENS,
Penn. avenue, between 9th and 10th
streets, next to Iron Hall.
ap 8

Dr. Rose's Dyspepsia Cordial.
THE Liver being the largest gland in the
human body, it is more frequently de-
ranged than any other. Then follows *Dys-*
pepsia, *Constipation*, *Cold Feet*, and *Loss*
of Appetite—the skin becomes yellow, the
spirits droop, and there is a great aversion to
society. Regulate the Liver, and you correct
all these evils. The surest preparations to
take are DR. ROSE'S celebrated *Railroad* or
Anti-Bilious Pills. They carry off the bile,
and soon give appetite and strength.
His *Dyspepsia Compound* should be taken
where a person has been troubled with *Dys-*
pepsia a long time. Price 50 cents; but for
Colds, Bilious habits, Jaundice, &c., take *Dr.*
Rose's Anti-Bilious or Railroad Pills, as
they go ahead of all other Pills in their good
effects. 12½ and 25 cents per box. For sale
at all the principal Drug Stores.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!!
A LARGE lot of white Crape SHAWLS;
very cheap
Printed Cashmere and Plain De Laine
SHAWLS
Black Alpaca and BOMBAZINES; sup'r
quality
Black English and Italian CRAPE
Black Challey and All-Wool De LAINE'S.
WM. R. RILEY, corner 8th st.,
may 6—1m opposite the Market.

Washington and Alexandria Boat.
THE fine, fast, and commodious
steamer UNION leaves at the
following hours:
Leave Alexandria at 7, 9, 11, 13, 3, 43, and
6½ o'clock.
Leave Washington at 8, 10, 12, 2, 4, 5½, and
7 o'clock.

This Boat has superior accommodations for
the conveyance of vehicles of all kinds without
the trouble or difficulty of taking out the
horses.
Coaches for the conveyance of passengers
connected with the Boat at each end of the line.
may 2 S. ROLLINS, Captain.

DRAP D'ETE, CLOTH, CASSIMERES, &c.
BLACK DRAP D'ETE; best quality
Black, Blue, and Brown CLOTHS; cheap
Black and Fanciful-colored CASSIMERES
Silk, Satin, and Marseilles VESTINGS
White and checked Linen DRILLINGS
And many other Goods for Summer wear.
WM. R. RILEY, corner 8th st.,
may 6—1m opposite the Market.

500 PARASOLS, of every quality;
very cheap
1500 yards Printed BEREGES; cheap
2000 " " LAWN
Plain and Figured SWISS MUSLINS
Plaid and Plain CAMBRICS
Muslin Under Sleeves.
WM. R. RILEY, corner 8th st.,
may 6—1m opposite the Market.

IMPORTANT TO CAPITALISTS.

THE UNDERSIGNED has considerable
Territory of valuable patent rights for
sale. A working machine of one of these pat-
ents can be seen in successful operation at his
Office.
GEO. R. WEST, Att'y and Solic'r,
Opp. Patent Office, on F st., north of
mar 25— the Post Office.

MASON'S PATENT SPERM OIL
for sale, wholesale or retail by
A. HATCH, Jr.

[Written for the Daily Evening Star]

THE EVENING STAR.

When wound up the business and cares of the
day.

Supper done, and the table made clear,
'Tis sweet to see 'round its happy array,
A family loving and dear;
While American papers the table o'erspread,
Instructive and moral in tone.
And among all the rest, with avidity read,
A bright *Evening Star* of our own.

We pore over "Gleason's Pictorial" page,
And his "Flag"—the "Illustrated News,"
The "American Union," a gem of the age,
Aiming true taste and worth to diffuse;
The "Museum," the "Waverly," "Courier"
and "Post."

With others familiarly known,
Yet still we prefer, in the whole shining host,
The bright *Evening Star* of our own.

As Astrology gives to the mortals of earth,
To each his particular star,
In Destiny ruling as star of his birth,
Ever watched and beheld from afar;
So we view the *Star* of our City with pride,
As blent with our interests alone;
And it shines with a lustre no vapor can hide,
The bright *Evening Star* of our own.

Its rays spread around with a clear, steady
light,
Illuming each well-improved spot;
And showing forth many a less favored site,
And blench, that might be forgot.
It shines in the heart and the actions of man,
O'er all is its strong press-light thrown,
Single-eyed is its sleepless and keen searching
scan—
The bright *Evening Star* of our own.

We welcome thee, *Star*, for thy genial rays,
So brilliant, so beautiful, mild;
On the least of thy "twinkles" we fasten our
gaze.

With the pleasure of a toy-loving child,
When in splendour's full beams thou attraa-
est the eye.

The essence of Truth round thee thrown,
We rejoice there is fixed in a Washington sky.
One bright *Evening Star* of our own.

WASHINGTON, May 18 AMERICA.

LOVE IN AN OMNIBUS.

BY C. G. HALPINE.

I stepped into a Broadway stage and
escorted myself in a corner next the door.
The place, like others of more importance,
had its convenience and discomforts—its
convenience of free air and ready egress
when I wanted to leave—the discomforts
of having one's toes trodden into plump
by whoever passed in or out the convey-
ance.

We pulled up at Union Square to take
in a singularly pretty traveler. *Pretty!*
I think she was! Never did I touch a
softer hand than hers, as I helped her in.
Never did eyes of more maiden like lustre
thank me for the trivial courtesy.

She sat in the corner opposite mine; so
that, without wincing round my head at
the expense of an immaculate shirt
collar, I had no option but to look at her
—and I did look.

A long, passionate gaze, told me that
she was but eighteen, very elegantly
dressed, calmly and good natured looking.
Yes, comely beyond common comeliness;
and gentle spirited exceedingly. Had she
not been so, she must have resented my
scrutiny. But she smiled. Oh, heavens!
what teeth! what a blossom of the cactus
on her cheek! what a depth of mystic
loveliness in her large, luxurious, almond-
shaped blue-eyes!

Her hair was not curled, nor plain, but
billyow; as if a fountain of golden amber
had played upon her head and clothed it
in bright ripples. Her dress was neat
and fashionable, though of simple mat-
erials; its great charm was the perfect
cleanliness and purity which it evidenced.
She looked like a rose bud with the May
morn dew still fresh in its bosom; she
was the lily of the omnibus—of the val-
ley—I mean; and, as she sat smiling be-
fore me, I blessed every jolt of the car-
riage for permitting my knees to touch
even the hem of her garment.

Let it not be disguised in any vain pre-
amble. I was in love—in love at first
sight—and my whole frame quivered
with currents of the newly begot electric-
ity.

She smiled on me, and this was enough
to intoxicate. No words could describe
my emotion, so novel, so entrancing, so
joyfully delicious and dreamful was that
ride in the clattering omnibus.

Drawing out a purse of silver net-work
she dropped her handkerchief—was it not
intentional? She pretended not to per-
ceive it—the case was plain; and the
conclusion—viz: that she wished me to
retain the cambric as a *souvenir*, or *pig-
nus amoris*—palpable. Perhaps she went
farther; might not her name and address
be inscribed on a corner of the happy
mouchoir de poche. Of course it might;
it was! She wished me to call, to be-
come intimate with her, to love, to marry
her! Great Heavens! what ecstasy of
bliss!

Not a moment was to be lost. I
dropped my cane to conceal the true
motive of stooping from the other passen-
gers; seized the embroidered muslin, and
buried it between my waistcoat and my
heart.

Still she did not, or pretended she did
not, see me. We were now nearing
Trinity Church, and as I had a pressing
engagement in Wall street, I must quit
the ark in which my dove would be borne
away to another nest. But how could I
leave without assuring her that her beauty

had made its due impression? I could
not follow her home, as my engagement
admitted no delay. Happy thought—the
handkerchief! I pulled the checkstring,
gave a quarter, and bid the driver keep
the change. Just as I had stepped out,
and was closing the door with one hand,
with the other I partially withdrew the
handkerchief from my bosom, so that she
might see how fondly her gift was treas-
ured.

"Heavens!" she screamed.
Was my absence, then, too much for
her? Perish the engagement! Poor
girl, what a violence of love my appear-
ance has inspired!

Such were my thoughts. Meantime
the maiden screamed more violently—she
was in hysterics—she had fainted! I
leaped into the carriage, and telling a
policeman to run for a doctor, I attempt-
ed to lift her tenderly into the open air.

No sooner had she touched the pave-
ment and opened her eyes, than, seeing
herself in my arms, she shrieked more
loudly than ever.

"Hush, dearest!" I cried; "I am with
you; I will see you home; I swear I
shall never leave you. Do tranquilize
yourself!"

Far from obeying me, she put her hand
to her bosom and fairly rent the air with
most unmaidenlike cries.

"My watch! my purse! Oh, save me
some one, from this wretch! He has sto-
len my pocket handkerchief; I saw it in
his breast as he left the omnibus. Oh,
save me!—save me!—save—"

This was an unexpected turn of affairs.
A dozen stout hands grasped my collar.
The policeman assured the crowd "that
he knew me well; that I was an old state
prison bird, tried about six years since
for burglary with "Black Grimes," and
only pardoned out three weeks ago." In
short, he gave so circumstantial an ac-
count of my who and what, that I began
to question my own identity, and wonder
seriously, whether my name might not,
after all, be "William Smith," alias
"Cunning Will," alias "The Omnibus
Dodger," for by all of these titles, not on-
ly policemen No. 1, but several other
stars who formed a constellation around
me, declared I was well-known.

Gentle reader, do you pity me? What
could I say? The handkerchief was
drawn from its fond resting place in my
bosom: the lady read the name, "Cath-
erine de Seymour," in the corner, and
identified it as hers. She further declared
that when I "lifted her out of the omni-
bus, she distinctly felt a tug at her watch
chain," (it had caught at the handle of
the door) and that "on entering the om-
nibus, she now remembered my having
attempted to draw off her rings." (Oh,
faithless Catherine! could you so mistake
the pressure of respect and admiration,
for the touch of a felon endeavoring to
filch a trinket?)

In vain did I protest my innocence, and
appeal to my pocket book for corrobora-
tion. An order on my banker for three
hundred dollars was declared a "gross
forgery," by one of the well informed stars.
'It was just the *fac simile*," said the ruf-
fian, "of the one he found on 'Yellow
Jim,' afore he went to Sing Sing, last
year." A fifty dollar note in my porte-
monnaie was said to be identical with one
stolen from a bed room in the Astor House
the night before; and after due examina-
tion it became evident to the crowd that
one of the most notorious, cunning and
desperate rascals in the world then stood
before them.

A phrenologist delivered an extempore
discourse upon the prominence of my ac-
cumulative and secretive organs. "Never,"
said the craniologist, "did I see a
head more illustrative of the truth of my
theory. The moral organs are depressed
and all the bad passions, unchecked by
intellect, riot in his repulsive features!"

Ye gods! must I bear this? "Confu-
sion! Agony!" I cried. "Take me to a
Justice! Ruffians, madmen, perjurers!
You shall pay dear for this. I will revenge
it to the death—to the death—through
life unto death!"

"He's obstreperous, Tor," said a grog-
blossomed constable. "Haden't we better
put on the irons? I've a pair that'll fit
him. I know: the same he wore when we
caught him carrying the cloth from Mul-
berry street."

The confidence and cool assurance of
this last assertion staggered me. Was I
awake, or in a dream? Was I mad, or
in my senses? Was I a gentleman, or a
pickpocket? Were my features handsome
or so repulsive as to convict me on suspi-
cion of every crime?

Reason staggered on her throne; the
world swam round in a horrible delirium;
devils, all manacled and dressed in prison
garments, danced before my disordered
vision; the steeple of Trinity turned into
a gallows; the familiar custom-house ap-
peared what it is really like—a jail.
Fire-brands and furies? what an awaken-
ing is this from my dream of love at first
sight!

Turning to make an appeal to the lady
—the cause of all my misery—guess my
astonishment, my delight to see her leaning
familiarly on the arm of my friend, Frank
Seymour! The name on the handkerchief
—the resemblance of features—the evident

familiarity of their manner! Thank
Heaven! she was his sister!

"Frank!" I cried, in despairing ac-
cents, as the policemen were about hur-
rying me off—"Frank! for God sake, come
and clear up this hateful mystery!"

He ran towards me and caught my
hand; the policeman grasped me with
less painful rigor; the lady rushed with
a thousand tears and apologies, and the
phrenologist made off at the topmost
speed of his long legs—well for him that
he did so!

A swoon relieved the accumulated an-
guish of my heart; and when I awoke, it
was in an apothecary's shop, close by the
scene of my calamity. Catherine (mis-
judging maid!) was chafing my temple
with Eau de Cologne, while Frank was
pouring brandy down my throat.

We called a carriage and drove to all
street, where I was in time for my ap-
pointment—the whole suspicion, arrest
and discovery having taken place in less
than ten minutes, though it seemed to me
an age of suffering. Thence we crossed
to Brooklyn, and I was formally intro-
duced to my fair accuser, who has since
endeavored to make up by more than
common kindness for the pain she inflicted
on her devoted friend.

The engraver has an order for a double
set of enameled cards. Catherine is busy
with dressmakers and milliners; I have
grown tired of my hotel, and taken a pret-
ty house furnished with everything—ex-
cept a mistress.

"Out of evil springeth good,
And from decay the myrtle wood;
In deep disguise the Love-god came
And touched them with a mutual flame."

MRS. PARTINGTON AT THE OPERA.—We
were surprised, at the opera last evening,
by having a hand placed upon our shoul-
der. It was a gentle touch; altogether
like certain other touches on the shoulder
that delinquent men so much dread. It
came at a time when we were all absorbed
by the melody of the charming Sontag,
and were provoked by the intrusion.—
"Will you be kind enough to lend me
your observatory?" asked a voice that we
thought we remembered. Looking round,
we cried, "Mrs. Partington!" It was,
indeed, that estimable dame, but yet it
was not: for the black bonnet had disap-
peared, and a new rigolette adorned her
venerable poll, beneath which every sprig
of wavy grey was securely tucked. But
the smile was there, as warm as a June
morning at nine o'clock. She repeated
the request to use the pearl and diamond-
studded opera glass that we had hired at
Fetridge's for twenty-five cents—denom-
inating it an "observatory." "Is this
the right poem?" said she: "suppose I
shall have to digest it to my sight, for my
poor visionary organs are giving out."—
She leveled both barrels at the singers at
once, and brought them down to her, and
Pozzolini directed three successive appeals
to her tenderness. "It ain't no use,"
she said, as she handed us the glass, "I
can't understand better with that—I
should have bought one of the laboratories
at the door." She beat time gracefully to
the music for a while upon the cover of
her snuff-box, and then went out, like an
exhausted candle, to try and light on Ike,
who was trading for a jackknife with an-
other boy on the gallery stairs.

A WITTY REPORTEER.—While loitering
in the Art Union Gallery, a day or two
since, we were much amused at the en-
counter of wit between several artists,
who were discussing and satirizing each
other's styles. Two of them, a wood en-
graver, and a marine painter, combined
to depreciate the work of a third, a por-
trait painter, who, at last, provoked be-
yond forbearance, silenced the twain, and
set the listeners in a roar, by exclaiming:
"What can you possibly know about
the philosophy of the art, who are but the
heavers of wood and drawers of water of
the profession?"

A Persian merchant, complaining heav-
ily of some unjust sentence of the lower
court, was told by the judge to go to the
cadi—

"But the cadi is your uncle," urged
the plaintiff.

"Then you can go to the grand viz-
ier."

"But his secretary is your cousin."

"Then you may go to the sultan."

"But his favorite sultana is your
niece."

"Well, then go to the devil."

"Ah, that is a still closer family
connection," said the merchant, as he left
the court in despair.

Burke, in his essay on the sublime and
beautiful, holds that all objects that have
the power of relaxing the nervous system
are beautiful. If that be so, what elegant
thing is a shillalah. That handsome
women unnerve a man, we admit, but
that she does so any more effectually than
a bat over the head we deny, and shall
continue to do so as long as we remember
Mallory's "wake."

How many villains walk the earth with
credit from the mere fulfillment of nega-
tive decencies.